

The Star Store

OUR WINTER GOODS MUST GO AT LOW PRICES

To Make room for Spring Goods
Ice Brown Suits, with up-to-date
Cuffs, \$13.50 Suits for \$9.50, or
\$10.00 Suits for \$8.50
Big Stock of Boys' and Childrens' Clothing
at Low Prices.
All Our Ladies' and Childrens' Jackets and
Skirts at Half Price.
Mens' Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' Winter
Shoes at One Half their Value.
Underwear for Men, Women and Children
at Rock Bottom Prices.

All of our Winter Goods must go at LOW PRICES
for our line of Spring Goods will soon be here and we
must make room for them.

Thanking you for your past favors and hoping to
receive your trade for 1909, we remain
Sincerely yours,

EUSTER & ISAACS.

PHONE 63

Job Printing.

Sounds Homely and Unim-
portant, Doesn't It?

BUT Do you realize that a business
house is judged largely by the
Stationery and other Printed
Matter it sends out?

Anybody Can Print

But to turn out first class work that is a
credit and an advertisement to a firm
requires an intricate knowledge of the
art and then a first class mechanic to
execute it. Send your next order to

The Breathitt

County News.

PHONE 63

THE F. A. LYON & SON CO.

**INSURANCE,
REAL ESTATE,
STOCKS AND BONDS
LOANS NEGOTIATED.**

AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS
IN EASTERN KENTUCKY.

Want Live, Energetic Men to Represent Us
in Unoccupied Territory.

Address All Communications to the Com-
pany at Beattyville, Kentucky.

Recompense

By Grant Selmar.

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

John Sillman entered his hut, tired
after the long day's duties at the Sil-
ver Creek mill, and found a letter
waiting for him. It was from his wife,
and it told him that she had been
ill and that she was now recovering.

The room was cramped and meager-
ly furnished, and the scantiest of fires
flickered desperately against the
winter cold. John Sillman, a man of
middle age, with a strong nose and
a pair of deep-set eyes, looked at the
letter with a frown. It was from his
wife, and it told him that she had
been ill and that she was now recover-
ing.

A thin, worried woman—John's
wife—was at her bed, and she was
looking at the letter with a frown. It
was from her husband, and it told her
that he had been ill and that he was
now recovering.

"There's a letter for you lying on
the dresser," said the woman. "It
came this afternoon. It's from New
York."

The man tore open the envelope
with trembling fingers, and started
to read the contents.

"It's from the old man, of course?"

Woman's curiosity prompted John to
ask the question.

"In a way," moodily responded
John, gazing vacantly into the fast-
fading fire. "It's from his lawyer. The
old man's dead."

"Oh, he is?" snapped John, exhib-
iting no emotion at this sudden news of
his father-in-law's demise. "And he
hasn't remembered you in his will?"

Well, you've no call to be disappoint-
ed. You never expected he would.

You were the black sheep of his fold

during his lifetime, and, naturally
enough, he hasn't reckoned you in
with his live stock at his death. Don't
sit moping there, but eat your supper
like a man."

John Sillman laughed bitterly at
his wife's reasoning. He knew she
was as disappointed as himself.

"You're just wrong for once, Eliza,"
he said, slowly. "The old man has
kind of remembered me at the last."

John Sillman, to humor her, took a
relishless mouthful of the now lukewarm
tubers, and read aloud the con-
tents of the lawyer's dispatch:

"Dear Sir: Our late client, your law-
fully adopted son, John Sillman, passed away last
night, and, in accordance with his last
instructions, we now apprise you of this
fact, and inclose a sufficient sum to pay
your journey here and home again. Here
in please find copy of your father's last
will and testament, also as instructed. It
is brief and easily understood."

MAKIN & SHARPE.

Inclosed was a half sheet of note
paper containing the final instructions
of the dead man as to the disposal of
his property. Brief it was, truly, and
too easily understood. It ran:

"I, John Sillman, while sane of mind,
and without others' influence, declare this
to be my last will and testament, and to
the same do set my signature, as wit-
nessed by my clerk, Andrew Jakers, and
my housekeeper, Amelia Rankin, in pre-
sence of my solicitor, George Makin, and
two of my oldest sons, Ezra, I bequeath
all land and house property of which I am
possessed.

To my second son, Martin, I bequeath
all moneys, plate, furniture, carriages and
horses of which I am possessed.

To my third son, John, whose greed im-
pelled him years ago to falsely utilize my
name, and yet whose heart I believe to
be kind and sound, I bequeath the care
of my little adopted daughter, Janet, as-
sured that he will deal gently with her,
she having lost her sole protector at the
moment when I drew my last breath.

John Sillman crumpled up the pa-
per into a ball between his palms,
pushed away his platter with a grunt
of disgust, and lit his pipe, at which
he pulled long and thoughtfully.

"The old man's considerate," said
Eliza, dryly. "He's anxious you
should have a quiver full, though he
doesn't make any suggestion as to
how you're going to fill the mouths
of the youngsters. What are you go-
ing to do, J?"

"I must consider a bit, Eliza," re-
turned John Sillman. "An addition
to the family is a serious thing to a
man circumstanced as I am. Our own
little people don't grow bilious on the
richness or the quantity of the food
they get."

He was a full hour cogitating, by
when the last spark of fire had died
out and the room was deathly cold.

"There's a train for New York city
as passes through Silver Creek at five
in the mornin', reachin' somechin' af-
ter dusk," he said, rising and gathering
himself together with a shiver.

"Then you've made up your mind
to add to your family without a dime
for compensation?" said Eliza, in a
tone of deep and bitter reproach.

"Why don't your brothers, Ezra and
Martin, look after the child? They're
rich men already, and their father has
now doubled their wealth. What is a
mouth more or less to the likes of
them?"

"I'd sooner see my own little ones
lying quiet in their coffins than en-
trusted to the mercies of Ezra and
Martin; and so would you, Eliza. You
must make explanations for me at the
store in the morning. I am going by
that five train."

In the large parlor of old Ezra
Sillman's mansion sat the late mer-
chant's solicitor and three sons. They
were gathered at the long dining table—
Ezra and Martin, well-to-do and
prosperous, at either end of Mr. Ma-
kin; John, shabby and dejected, at the
other extreme end, ignored and
solitary.

The lawyer, a small, dry-faced, ac-
tive man, had pressed his hand at
first meeting, and whispered some-
thing which John could not catch. He
rose from his seat now and spoke.

"Gentlemen, you all know the terms
of your late father's will. There are
no legal technicalities to explain, no
complications to unravel."

"To you, Mr. Ezra, the land and the
house property of which your late
father was possessed at the time of
his decease."

"To you, Mr. Martin, all moneys,
plate, furniture, pictures, books, car-
riages and horses of which your late
father stood possessed at the time of
his decease."

"To you, Mr. John, the care of Janet,
adopted child of your late father."

The lawyer stopped short, coughed
dryly, and sharply scrutinized John
Sillman. Ezra and Martin also turned
a contemptuous glance in the direc-
tion of their brother. John pulled his
ragged beard and murmured: "Ay,
that is so."

"Do you accept the charge, Mr.
John?" asked the attorney.

"Ay, that do I. Poor mite, she's a
lonely one this day."

"Pardon me," remarked Mr. Makin,
dubiously, "but do I understand that
you are about to be overburdened with
this world's goods?"

"I'm a poor man, mister," said John,
bluntly. "I am not a man that I find
it a hard matter to 'serve, and you
know but what death would be a rest
and a blessing to me and mine."

"Yet, despite your poverty and the
claims that your own family have up-
on you, you accept this charge?"

"Ay, that I do. And why? 'Cos
she's a lonely mite this night. And
may the same be done to mine if I
should die and leave them unde-
fended."

Mr. Makin brought the palms of his
hands together as though he were
applauding.

Ezra and Martin grew impatient.

"Time's money, lawyer," said the eld-
er. "Don't waste it. You've got the
papers there. Let Martin and me
know exactly what we're worth. You're
a man of business yourself, and
will appreciate the request."

"Certainly," cried Mr. Makin, briskly.
"I've all the details here. I can
dismiss your part of the business in a
few words."

"Mr. Ezra," said the lawyer, care-
lessly glancing at a deed before him,
"to you, the land and house property
of which your late father died pos-
sessed. To be sure. Your father, as
you may have heard, started life as a
carpenter, and worked in a hired shed
on a plot of ground an eighth of an
acre in extent. He bought the ground
and shed when times began to pros-
per. That is your story. The shed
needs furnishing, a bit, though it
makes an excellent tool house."

"Good heavens, sir!" blustered Ezra
Sillman, rising wrathfully in his chair.
"But Mr. Makin, after another glance
at the document, proceeded to ad-
dress Martin. 'Mr. Martin, to you all
the moneys, plate, furniture, pictures,
carriages and horses. To be sure. In
your late father's pockets were a dol-
lar and a snuffbox. In his room were
an invalid chair and a framed print
entitled 'Charity.' In his warehouse
yard a pony and a barrow—the last
two preserved in memory of his early
struggling days when he hawked his
handicraft through the streets. They
are yours now. The pony is blind, and
the barrow would do with a fresh coat
of paint."

Martin Sillman sprang to his feet
with an oath. "Confound you, sir!
What does this mean? Our father died
a rich man."

"Pardon me," interrupted the law-
yer. "Two months before his death
the late Mr. Sillman made over his
entire wealth, with the trifling excep-
tions just mentioned, to his adopted
child, Janet Mayflower, on the condi-
tion that she shared with whomsoever
should be disinterested enough to ac-
cept charge of her for no other pur-
pose than that of pure charity. Mr.
John, you have accepted the charge. I
congratulate you. As to you, Mr.
Ezra and Mr. Martin," but those two
gentlemen were gone—gone as on a
whirlwind.

That night John Sillman wired to
Eliza at Silver Creek: "Return with
Janet to-morrow. Lay out all the loose
cash—you'll find four dollars in the tin
canister—in a supper. The clouds
have lifted for life. Kiss the young-
sters."

The secret of many unhappy mar-
riages is the enforcement of the law
of Mine and Thine.

Farm and Garden

CEMENT LINED CISTERN.

Impurities in Rainwater May Be Ex-
tracted.

To provide against water famine
during a dry time an extra cistern of
two is a good investment. The purest
water we get is rainwater, a fact that
has been brought to the attention of
different states by the boards of
health.

Disease germs follow rainwater down
into the soil to percolate thence to
the wells. Persons using the water
continually become ill, so they
may not contract a serious disease for
years, but a more cold may weaken
their vitality and disease resisting
power, so they may become infected at
any time.

Strangers drinking the water are es-
pecially liable, because their systems
are not fortified against the peculiar

dangers lurking in that vicinity. Every
fall city papers contain accounts
of typhoid that has been brought home
from country places by people while
away on their annual vacation trips.

With cistern water it is different, as
the principal contamination of rain-
water comes from dirt on the roof.
The water itself is pure enough until
it strikes the roof. Some farmers have

from a rain shower run into one cis-
tern, then switch the leader to the
other one, which is used for house
purposes.

Good, durable cisterns in clay or
loamy ground may be made by plas-
tering cement mortar directly on the
earth surface of the excavation. In
some sections of the country a great
many cisterns are made this way and
covered by putting timbers across and
building a floor of double thick inch
stuff, laid to break joints. The spaces
over the wall and between the timbers
are filled in with cement, and a drain
is cut in one side while the cement is
soft. A cistern built in this way may
last for ten or twelve years without
any trouble, but there is no certainty
about it.

A great deal better way is to make
a round form of beveled staves lightly
bolted to hold them in place. Then
dig the excavation four or six inches
larger all around than the outside of
the wooden form. Then mix concrete
made of one part best portland cement,
two parts clean, sharp sand and four
parts broken stone.

If the cistern is small have the form
all round to lower by erecting a tripod
with pulley and tackle to lift it gently
down. Then put in a floor of concrete
the full size of the excavation. Tamp
it thoroughly to pound the air out and
make it set solid. Before this has time
to harden lower the wooden form and
fill in the sides so the bottom and sides
will unite, making one solid stone.

An easy way to make the neck of
the cistern is to put a floor of boards
on top of the circular wooden form
and pile earth on this floor, packing it
down cone shaped, high enough to
reach the grade level. To form the cir-
cular opening at the top make either a

Diagram showing a cross-section of a cistern with dimensions: 12' 6" diameter, 10' 6" height, and 12' 6" width.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Thousands of millions of cans of Royal Baking Powder have been used in making bread, biscuits and cake in this country, and every housekeeper using it has rested in perfect confidence that her food would be light, sweet, and perfectly wholesome. Royal is a safeguard against the cheap alum powders which are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL IS THE ONLY BAKING POWDER MADE FROM ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR

Notice of Application for Pardon.

I, John Deaton, of Breathitt county, Ky., having been sentenced to a term of 21 years in the penitentiary at the November term, 1901, of the Breathitt circuit court, for murder, will ask the Governor of Kentucky for a pardon for said crime, and any one objecting to said pardon will please file their grounds for said objection. This Jan. 29, 1909.

JOHN DEATON.

Mardi Gras.

Reduced rates via Queen & Crescent Route to New Orleans and Mobile. Tickets on sale February 17th to 22nd inclusive. Return limit March 1st, with extension privilege March 13th, 1909. For particulars ask ticket agents or Lexington, Ky.

Eggs for Hatching.

From pure bred Single Comb Brown Leghorn and Rose Comb Rhode Island Red Chickens. Guaranteed to be fresh and fertile. Call on or write Minerva L. Hagins, Jackson, Ky.

For health and happiness—De Witt's Little Early Risers—small, gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by Jackson Drug Store.

Greek Fire.

Greek fire was a combustible composition (now unknown, but thought to have been principally naphtha) thrown from engines said to have been invented by Callinicus, an engineer of Heliopolis in Syria in the seventh century, to destroy the Saracens' ships (which was effected by the general of the fleet of Constantine Pogonatus and 30,000 men were killed). A so-called "Greek fire" probably a solution of phosphorus in bisulphite of chlorine in 1863.

F. P. CRAWFORD, Pres. JOHN T. HINDMAN, Cashier.
C. J. LITTLE, Vice Pres.

Breathitt County Bank

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

Capital, \$15,000.

Persons seeking a place of safety for
their money will profit by investigat-
ing the methods employed in our
business. : : : : :
Open from 8:30 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.

No. 9320.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 16, 1909.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

"The First National Bank of Jackson,"

in the Town of Jackson, in the County of Breathitt, and State of Kentucky, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now, Therefore, I, WILLIS J. FOWLER, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that

"The First National Bank of Jackson,"

in the Town of Jackson, in the County of Breathitt, and State of Kentucky, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In Testimony Whereof, witness my hand and Seal of office this sixteenth day of January, 1909.

(SEAL)

WILLIS J. FOWLER,
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency